

› Prelude

Yeah, 1990 mothaf**kin' four
P-Dog, back in this motherf**ker
The Black Panther of Hip-hop comin' at ya with the trunk-a-funk
What up, K-Cloud? Yeah
Shots goin' out to all them fake-a** wannabe, uh, "real n***as"
Y'all keep sellin' out, I keep bringin' the truth
West Coast funk, Guerrilla Funk
Comin' at ya straight from the Bay
And like I said, "In God I trust, so n***a do what you must"
I'm a still bring it to ya
And to ya punk-a** pigs out there, it definitely ain't over
L.A. we play comin' to your town soon, yeah
Oh, and uh, Chris Joyce, how you feel? I ain't forgot you motherf**kers
Keep your eyes on this, Scarface Records 1994
And it don't stop